

## THE WORLD.

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## Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE  
EVENING EDITION  
OF  
THE WORLD  
for the week ending Saturday, April 28, was as follows:

|                |         |
|----------------|---------|
| MONDAY.....    | 96,380  |
| TUESDAY.....   | 97,480  |
| WEDNESDAY..... | 99,800  |
| THURSDAY.....  | 99,910  |
| FRIDAY.....    | 100,350 |
| SATURDAY.....  | 99,660  |

Average for the entire Month of April.....100,930

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

## VOTE FOR A VETO.

Through the friendly co-operation of the police and the managers of the ball grounds, THE EVENING WORLD has placed ballot-boxes at the Polo Grounds, in this city, and in Washington Park, Brooklyn, to receive petitions to the Governor to veto the Half-Holiday Bill. Blanks for signatures will be distributed among the crowds at the games.

Let every one who enjoys a game vote for a veto, and thus help to preserve for working men and women one half day in the week, all the year round, in which to seek recreation and pleasure.

The names are coming in to this office by the thousand.

## PROTECTING THE TRUST.

The Assembly's refusal to take up the Anti-Trust bill tells better than any sham investigations whether the lobby has "got in its work."

A member of the "third House" has declared that no anti-Trust legislation can go through this year. He is probably something more than a prophet; he knows.

Money talks at Albany.

## ONE BOON.

The working people of this city have been granted one boon by the Legislature. It has passed THE EVENING WORLD'S bill providing for free evening lectures and instruction in the public school rooms, under the direction of the Board of Education.

The poor people have no time for entertainment or learning except at night, and no money to pay for it. Thousands of them who are past school age are hungry for knowledge. Evening lectures and practical scientific and sanitary talks will be of great interest and value.

Even small favors are thankfully received.

## THE WOMEN DELEGATES.

The six women who are knocking at the door of the Methodist General Conference for admission as delegates, represent a tendency of the times that men will prove powerless to resist.

Without the piety, the zeal and the active co-operation of women, half the churches, in all denominations, would soon cease to exist. If woman is permitted and encouraged to act as the equal of man in doing the work of the churches, how can she, logically or justly, be denied participation in the direction of that work?

The Methodists are too democratic and progressive a body to maintain much longer that ancient brutality, the subjection of woman.

The Standard Gas Company, a tentacle of the big devil-fish, pretends that it wants to store harmless oil in the tanks which it erected in the Harlem district without permission. Why, then, did it ask to store naphtha? Give it a foothold and it will soon do as it pleases. The tanks should go.

THE EVENING WORLD'S list of spring removals, published yesterday, was the talk of the town. It made over ten columns of names, with old and new addresses, and will prove permanently valuable for reference.

Another case for the people was thrown out of court yesterday by Judge Cowan on a rebuke to the District Attorney's office for presenting a case so poorly prepared. This sort of thing is getting monotonous.

Additions to THE EVENING WORLD'S list of removals: Cassius D. Burt, to Canada; ex-Major Grace, from Yurru to within reach of his man Irvine's car; the New Yorks, to third place in the League.

Now that a Senator of the United States has called the presiding officer of that body "a great liar and a dirty dog," the pot-house politicians and ward-room brawlers can hide their diminished heads.

According to the report of the Assembly Judiciary Committee, Lobbyist Feltre is a bold, bad man, and the Assemblymen are held, R.-est!

It was "moving day" for the Bostons yesterday. They moved down one peg.

## SPRING RELISHES.

Strimpe, \$1.50 a gallon.  
Carp pike, 40 cents each.  
Smelt, 30 cents a pound.  
Tomatoes, 30 cents a quart.  
Spinach, 20 cents a half peck.  
Apple sugar, 20 cents a peck.  
Austrian carp, 40 cents a pound.  
Sweet potatoes, 70 cents a peck.  
Asparagus, 15 to 20 cents a bunch.  
Cauliflower, 15 and 25 cents a head.  
West Indian mangoes, 50 cents a dozen.  
Roe shad sold at wholesale for \$15 per hundred.  
New potatoes, 50 to 60 cents a peck, according to quality.

## EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK MANAGERS.

Harrison was once a ship-calker.  
Tony Pastor—or Antonio Pastor—was a circus clown.  
Old Mr. Duff, of the Standard Theatre, used to keep a restaurant.  
Harry Miner—the H. Clay Miner of to-day—was formerly a druggist.  
Augusta Daly used to be a reporter upon a salary of \$15 per week.  
Col. R. E. Miles, of the Bijou Opera-House, once distinguished himself as a circus-rider.  
John Steffen, who has just been succeeded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Eugene Tompkins, was a butcher.

Daniel Frohman, now the austere manager of the Lyceum Theatre, was once upon a time an errand boy in the Fifth Avenue office.

A. M. Palmer, who sits in dignified state in the managerial chair of the Madison Square Theatre, was formerly librarian of the Mercantile Library.

## WHITE WINGS.

T. C. Stratton's 20-foot catboat Mystic has arrived at the Columbia Yacht Club house from New London.

The fast catboat Columbia, owned by H. C. Rosemond, of the Columbia Yacht Club, has been put in commission.

The 45-foot cabin sloop White Wing, of New London, has been purchased by Vice-Commodore A. M. Everett, Columbia Yacht Club. She is now in commission of the club-house at the foot of the Hudson.

Commodore Chas. T. Wills, Columbia Yacht Club, has had built this winter by Wills & Gorman, South Brooklyn, the large 55-foot catboat Brimble, which was launched last Saturday, and which is now in commission of the club-house.

The catboat cabin sloop Venture, Dr. Henry Griswold, Columbia Yacht Club, has been thoroughly overhauled, her rig cut down, and she has been given an entirely new suit of sails, with double head rig. She is now in commission of the club-house, Eighty-sixth street, North River.

## PICKED UP AT HEADQUARTERS.

Dr. Cyrus Edison boasts the ownership of one of the fastest schooner-yachts in the harbor.

Sergt. Price has rearranged his beard and now appears with a mustache and imperial, à la Napoleon.

Inspector Conlin is very vigilant. He drops in on the commanders of his district when they least expect him.

Capt. Nie Brooks is enthusiastic in his praises of Morrisania people. He predicts a great boom in real estate in his precinct.

Inspectors Williams and Byrnes do not believe in life insurance. They say that they have no use for any game where one must die to win.

Commissioner Fitz John Porter and F. Benedict Herzog, the police signal contractor, are almost inseparable friends. The General is studying the science of electricity.

Capt. Clinchy has grown ten years younger since he joined the army of benevolence. He wonders how he remained single so long. He is certain now that his station-house will be repainted.

Among the frequent visitors to Sergt. Murray for purely social reasons are Sheriff Grant, fire Commissioner Croker, Tax Commissioner Edith Cahill, Assistant District Attorney Bedford and Senator Murphy.

Capt. McIlwain is on the sick list. He has been relieved from night and drill duty until he regains his strength. "Lightning Charlie" McIlwain and senior Capt. Copeland are running rheumatism and lumbago.

Inspector Steers has received a mass of beautiful wild flowers from the children of the Richmond Hill Congregational Church, who are cultivating a potato patch for the Five Points Mission. The Inspector is a Methodist.

## WORLDLINGS.

One of the most elegant drawing-rooms in the West is that in which Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, receives her friends. It is a tiled-yellow, satin-paneled, lace-draped apartment that would almost realize the dream of a Walsley. Nothing but candles are ever burned in the room, and the effect of the soft light falling on the profusion of gilt is most harmonious.

Paper bottles are now in extensive use for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, etc. They are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are then filled with the substance, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with waterproof material, and all this is done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.

Mrs. Betsey Terry, of Solihull, Mass., a sprightly old lady of ninety who still enjoys the best of health, has one claim to fame in that she has often drunk from the original "Old Oaken Bucket" which the poet Wordsworth made famous in song. The bucket was in a well at the Northey house, in Greenham, near Solihull, where Mrs. Torrey lived for a number of years.

Col. John Arkina, proprietor of the Denver News, was striking type only a few years ago. When the Leadville discoveries were made he borrowed a few hundred dollars, bought a printing outfit and started a small newspaper in the new mining town. The venture paid and he soon possessed a modest fortune. Returning to Denver, he bought an interest in the News, which paper he had formerly set type, and is now its principal owner.

In the vicinity of Beaufort, S. C., there are many small islands inhabited exclusively by negroes who, in intellectual and moral development, are but little removed from their brethren of Central Africa. They take a kind of gibberish not understood by a stranger, go clad in rags that barely cover their nakedness, and live from hand to mouth. Their dwellings are log huts of one room and morality is hardly known among them.

One of the two women in Iowa who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic is Aunt Becky Young, who was noted as a nurse during the war and to whose gentle care in the hospitals many a soldier owes his life. She is idolized by the veterans, who have many reminiscences of her daring and unflinching aid in the field. She is a native of Kansas, N. Y., and left her home when a young widow of thirty-two to go to the front as a nurse.

Norman B. Roam, a well-known Chicago speculator, who has accumulated a fortune of \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in grain and provisions, was selling mackerel and brown sugar in a country store at Princeton, Ill., a few years ago. He began speculating in the Board of Trade in a small way, in Greenham, and after a little success launched out for himself. He has a family of always keeping on the right side of the market, and is known as "the winner of the Board."

## A PERILOUS DESCENT;

OR,  
The Elberon Flats Fire.

By  
John A. Rummy  
Chief of Second Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE fire at the Elberon Flats demonstrated the utility of the safety net as a life-saving appliance, and the papers have been discussing the advantages which it affords to people imprisoned in a burning building from which there is no escape except by a flying leap through the air.

This recalls to my mind an incident which happened some three years ago which is rather amusing as demonstrating a possibility that would hardly have been believed if the fact had not proven it.

It was at a fire in Barclay street. I was with the Hook and Ladder Truck No. 8 at the time. When the alarm was given we hurried to the spot and found a five-story building wrapped in flames. The fire was raging in the interior of the building. Chief Rowe ordered us to the roof to open it up. We made our way through the adjoining building, and got from the roof of that on to the roof of the burning tenement-house. We had gone up on a level with the roof of the other.

The building was so constructed that from the rear there was a light shaft, which set half way into the building and furnished light and air to the whole line of stories. We skirted around it, and, getting over, made a hole with our axes in the roof, so that the smoke might have an outlet. It poured out in thick, black clouds and obscured everything.

THAT FOUR BARREL WAS SHUTE'S SALVATION. Fireman Shute had charge of the tiller of the truck, namely, the wheel. The driver of the truck and the man who has to look after the tiller do not have any time to waste in dressing, and throw on their clothes half-way and are ready to start. So when the rest of us mounted to the roof, Shute was a little delayed in fixing his coat and in getting down from his seat and taking his tool from under the truck.

The delay was only for a moment, but things go pretty lively at a fire, and the delay, though short, was long enough to prove momentous to Shute. When he got up to the roof of the building on fire it had been opened, and the smoke that was pouring around him everything, so that he could not see.

He heard the men, however, at work on the building and the sound of their voices a few yards off. Without a thought he started to walk across to the spot where he heard the sounds coming from. You could not see your hand before your face, but hearing us near he walked straight for us without ever thinking of any difficulty.

The light shaft was concealed from view. We had seen it and had skirted around it. Shute didn't see it, and skirted into it. He walked straight off the roof into the five-story well!

He dropped like a stone. And his brains were dashed out, and he was left a quivering, broken mass of mangled, bloody humanity on the pavement five stories below? Not a bit. That is what ought to have happened by rights to a man who falls sheer down five stories. But it isn't what happened to Shute. Appropriate name, by the way, for a man who goes down a chute like that, isn't it?

At the bottom of the shaft a small, projecting building ran up about half a story. On the roof of this little office, or whatever it was, lay a flour barrel on its side. That flour barrel was Shute's salvation and came in like a perfect Providence. If it hadn't been there there wouldn't have been enough of Shute left to recognize him. But it was there.

In the talk in the newspapers of late about the methods of springing into the net, how one should act and how one should land, it appears that to come down in a sitting posture is one of the most favorable positions to light in. Many of the circus men at Barnum's invariably light in this rectangular position. They bound up, come to their feet and skip out, safe and sound. Their legs do not get under them to be broken.

I do not know whether Shute had ever practiced getting down from a height by springing through the air or not. Probably it was his good luck more than any endeavor of his that he came down bang! on the side of the barrel in precisely this position—that section of his frame where bones are best protected by adipose tissue, and which is usually selected by parents who are stern enough to believe that sparing the rod is spoiling the child as the scene of their castigations.

The barrel was broken to splinters by the weight of 160 pounds dropped on it from the full height of the five-story building. Smash it went, yielding somewhat gradually, however so that Shute was landed amid the debris as sound as a nut.

Of course, he was terribly jarred. It is almost unnecessary to state that. Suddenly

stepping into this air and dropping five stories, even to land sitting on the side of a barrel, is a little jarring to the person who performs the feat. But when he found he was all right and that there was no need to gather up the fragments, he pulled himself together and scrambled down to the ground. He felt like a big small boy who has just received a tremendous spanking, and at first his insides felt pretty stiff and sore. But he could get around without any difficulty, even though he did feel a little sore.

(To be concluded to-morrow.)

## OLD FRIENDS GO TO LAW.

Marcus Ward & Co. Enjoin a Partner and Relative from Injuring The Business.

In the Supreme Court yesterday Judge Van Brunt granted an injunction to Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., Limited, the English paper-makers and lithographers, restraining William Harcourt Ward and Alfred Ireland from interfering with the plaintiffs at their place of business, No. 734 Broadway, this city, upon the application of Vanderpool, Green & Cumming. The suit is one of a sensational nature, as it involves a quarrel among the partners of a great commercial house that has been in existence for over a century. William Harcourt Ward, who lives at Chelsea, in England, is a nephew of Marcus Ward, the founder of the business. He was a partner in the house through inheritance until 1885, when it was formed into a corporation under the name of Marcus Ward & Co., Limited. He was one of the largest stockholders and a director of the corporation, and was so situated that he could interfere with the business of the firm at any time. He was in this position until a few days ago.

The business was carried on here in the large store at No. 734 Broadway under a lease which had been renewed from time to time and which expired on November 1st last. The plaintiffs applied for a renewal of the lease, according to the terms of the lease, to Messrs. Ward and Ireland, who were intending, it is said, to carry on a similar business elsewhere. The corporation was about to move into this fact was made known, and they will remain on the premises until they have been evicted. A bitter contest is expected when the matter comes up in court, as it will in a day or two.

## HE WOULD AND WOE IN PRISON.

Dick Davis, Who Served His Term, Wants Miss Rooney, Who Was Pardoned.

SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 2.—Five years ago Mrs. Rooney and her daughter Isabelle, of Fort Gaines, took a violent dislike to Mrs. Millmore, whose husband was said to have been a former admirer of the younger woman. One day the two women, assisted by young Rooney, went to the house of Mrs. Millmore. The son was hanged in Fort Gaines. The mother died on the night before her trial, and the daughter Isabelle was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union interested themselves in the young woman and finally induced her to pardon her mother. She has given strong evidence of reformation.

A few days ago Dick Davis made his appearance at the home and claimed Miss Isabelle for his wife. Dick was a convict who had served his term in the State Prison. He had made love to the girl while they were in prison together, and now he sought her out to marry her. Miss Isabelle, in charge, after inquiring into Davis's record, finally consented to the marriage, and last evening the overjoyed couple left in the parlors of the Women's Christian Union.

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The plaintiffs claim that Messrs. Ward and Ireland have been interfering with the business of the corporation by their conduct. They claim that the corporation was about to move into this fact was made known, and they will remain on the premises until they have been evicted. A bitter contest is expected when the matter comes up in court, as it will in a day or two.

When, on her way to her own little kingdom in the South Seas, Mrs. Kalakaua stopped for a short look at San Francisco and the inside of the Golden Gate, she was lionized by the open-hearted Westerners, and one of them, a gentleman, presented to her a splendid pup of the St. Bernard breed. He had christened the pup Kapi, in her honor, and it was of royal strain.

Kapi was nice, but he was only a pup, and he was disobedient, awkward, and at first kept him in his private car for a few days. Kapi was nice, but he was only a pup, and he was disobedient, awkward, and at first kept him in his private car for a few days.

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## SUING FOR A QUEEN'S DOG.

PORTER RICHARDS WANTS DAMAGES FOR DUSKY KAPU'S LOST PUP.

It Was a Royal Pup, of a Henry Strain, and He Was on His Way to Florida. Is the Messenger Company's Agent Responsible for His Loss?—A Brain-Racking Problem for Justice Menell.

Lawrence Richards, a very dark specimen of the colored race, lives at 107 East Forty-fourth street. He is a porter on a New York Central Railway drawing-room car plying between this city and Syracuse.

He is a general favorite, and knows every public man and woman of this State "by heart." He is a most faithful servant of the corporation employing him also, and when Queen Kapulani, the dusky consort of the Sandwich Island monarch, King Kalakaua, was accorded the courtesy of free use of William K. Vanderbilt's private car in her passage through the Empire State, Richards was detailed in charge of the car and the comfort of Her Majesty.

Richards was particularly attentive to the wants of Her Majesty, as her complexion and his matched nicely—her tan being only more delicate, as became her sex—and the Queen reciprocated the friendly feeling in so far as became a sovereign and a dutiful wife. And Richards accompanied her across the continent.

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